

he mistakes and sends me letters that were meant to his mistress, till he swears to me that he has none/ It is a curious coincidence that the equally devoted sister of Temple here referred to, the future Lady Giffard, was destined, after losing her husband in the first month of her marriage, to spend most of her life with her brother as almost a second wife to him. Meanwhile, at all events, Henry Osborne gave Dorothy no peace; until, if she ever read Webster (as she certainly read Shakespeare), she must have found the relations of the Duchess of Malfi with her brother, Duke Ferdinand, painfully like her own. He lectured her, he tried to intercept her lover's letters (only to be defeated by the trusty carrier's stout denials that he had any), he besieged her with rival suitors, he lost his temper with her for rejecting them. *I could tell you such a story ('tis too long to be written) as would make you see (what I never discover'd in myself before) that I am a valiant lady. In earnest we have had such a skirmish, and upon so foolish an occasion, as I cannot tell which is strangest. . . . All the people that I had ever in my life refused were brought again upon the stage, like Richard Ill's ghosts, to reproach me withal; and all the kindness his discoveries could make I had for you was laid to my charge. . . . Well, 'twas a pretty lecture, and I grew warm with it after a while; in short, we came so near an

absolute falling out, that 'twas time to give
over, and we
said so much then that we have hardly
spoken a word
together since. But 'tis wonderful to see
what curtseys
and legs pass between us; and as before we
were thought
the kindest brother and sister, we are
certainly the most
complimental couple in England.' Nine
months later
the battle is still raging: 'He renounced me
again, and I
defied him, but both in as civil language as it
would per-
mit, and parted in great anger with the usual
ceremony of